

AIDS AND THE WOMAN.
(Continued from Third Page.)

She is an extraordinary beautiful woman. A man takes no end of risk when he concerns himself with her affairs, I can tell you. Hillars—well, I suppose it's none of my business. He must have had an exciting time of it," concluded the young man.

"I'll leave you in charge for a week or so," said I. "What little news there is at the houses you can cover. I'll take care of anything of importance that occurs abroad. I might as well pack up and get out tonight. A boat leaves Dover early in the morning."

Then I picked up the third and last letter. It was from Phyllis. It contained the enjoyable news that the Wentworths were coming abroad and that they would remain indefinitely at B—, where Mr. Wentworth had been appointed charge d'affaires under the American minister. They were to visit the Mediterranean before coming to London. They would be in town in October. The mere thought of seeing Phyllis made my heart throb. The next morning I put out from Dover. It was a rough passage for that time of the year, and I came near being seasick. A day or so in Paris brought me around, and I proceeded. As I passed the frontier I noticed that my passports were eagerly scanned and that I was closely scrutinized for some reason or other.

A smartly dressed officer occupied half of the carriage compartment with me. I tried to draw him into conversation, but he proved to be unresponsive; so I busied myself with the latest issue of the Paris L'illustration. I never glanced in the direction of the officer but what I found him staring intently at me. This irritated me. The incident was repeated so many times that I said:

"I trust he'll remember me in the days to come."

"Eh?" somewhat startled, I thought. "I observed that you will possibly remember me in the days to come, or perhaps I resemble some one you know."

"Not in the least," was the haughty retort.

I shrugged and relit my pipe. The tobacco I had purchased in Paris, and it was of the customary vileness. Perhaps I could smoke out mein herr. But the task resulted in a boomerang. He drew out a huge china pipe and began smoking tobacco which was even viler than mine, if that could be possible. Soon I let down the window.

"Does the smoke disturb her?" he asked, puffing forth great clouds of smoke. There was a shade of rillery in his tones.

"It would not," I answered, "if it came from tobacco." He subsided. Whenever there was a stop of any length, I stepped out and walked the platform. The officer invariably followed my example. I pondered over this each time I re-entered the carriage. At last my irritation turned into wrath.

"Are you aware that your actions are very annoying?"

"How, sir?" proudly.

"You stare me out of countenance, you refrain from entering into conversation and by the way you follow me in and out of the carriage one would say that you were watching me. All this is not common politeness."

"Herr jects," he replied with a forced smile. "If I desire not to converse, that is my business. As for getting in and out of the carriage, have I no rights as a passenger?"

It was I who subsided. A minute passed.

"But why do you stare at me?" I asked.

"I do not stare at you. I have no paper and tried to read yours at a distance. I am willing to apologize for that."

"Oh, that is different," I said.

Blood Humors

It doesn't make any difference whether you believe in the modern theory and speak of the causes of diseases as referable to germs, microbes or bacilli, or whether you use the older and better understood terms of "humors" and "blood diseases"—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them all.

It cures scrofula, salt rheum or eczema, catarrh, rheumatism, malaria and all other blood poisons; nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

This is not merely modern theory; it is solid up-to-date fact.

"Salt rheum on my hands so severe I had to wear gloves most of the time, and could not shut my thumb and finger together, was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. A. O. SPAULDING, North Sarsaparilla, Me.

"My three months old boy was cured of a very bad case of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Wm. H. GARNER, West Earl, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's—be sure to get Hood's.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Price 50c and 1. Large size contains 2 1/2 times as much. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago.

"Pitts"
Carminative

Saved My Baby's Life.

LANAR & RANKIN DRUG CO.

I can not recommend Pitts' Carminative too strongly. I must say, I owe my baby's life to it.

I earnestly ask all mothers who have sickly or delicate children just to try one bottle and see what the result will be. Respectfully,
Mrs. LIZZIE MURRAY,
Johnson's Station, Ga.

Pitts' Carminative
Is sold by all Druggists.
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

It means that he'll act peacefully or be in danger of a broken head," was the mind easing reply of my quondam fellow passenger. The driver then came down from the box, and I saw that he was the officer who had joined us at the station.

"If it is a frolic," I said, "one of your beer hall frolics, the sooner it is ended the better for you."

The two laughed as if what I had said was one of the funniest things imaginable.

"Get out!"

"With pleasure!" said I.

Directly one of them lay with his back to the ground and the other was locked in my embrace. I had not spent four years on the college campus for intellectual benefits only. And indignation lent me additional strength. My opponent was a powerful man, but I held him in a grip of rage. Truthfully I began to enjoy the situation. There is something exhilarating in the fighting blood which rises in us now and then. This exhilaration, however, brought about my fall. In the struggle I forgot the other, who meantime had recovered his star goggled senses. A crack from the butt of his pistol rendered me remarkably quiet and docile.

In fact, all became a vacancy till the next morning, and then I was conscious of a terrible headache and of a room with a window through which a cat might have climbed without endangering its spine—a very dexterous cat.

"Well," I mused, softly nursing the lump on my head, "here's the devil to pay and not a cent to pay him with."

It was evident that, without knowing it, I had become a very important personage.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

ALL HONOR TO PARSLEY.

Curious Folklore and History Concerning This Common Herb.

Some quaint ideas have hovered around that familiar garden herb and dish adorning parsley. In England, Devonshire folk declare that parsley must never be transplanted or great evil will follow. Suffolk people say it will not come up double unless sown on Good Friday—a notion that experiments might surely soon have disproved—while ancient dwellers in Hampshire steadfastly refuse to give any parsley away. Ask them for roses, etc.

Pitts' Carminative aids digestion, regulates the bowels, cures Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Pains, Griping, Flatulent Colic, Unnatural Drains from the Bowels, and all diseases incident to teething children. For all summer complaints it is a specific. Perfectly harmless and free from injurious drugs and chemicals.

fruit or rare vegetables, and basketful will be gladly bestowed on you, but request a few sprigs of parsley and you will be told, with a solemn shaking of heads, "No, we never pick parsley for any one, unless it's paid for!"

The great historian Plutarch relates an interesting anecdote on the subject of this herb. Timoleon was leading an army against the Carthaginians. "But as he was ascending a hill from the top of which the enemy's camp and all their vast forces would be in sight, he met some mules laden with parsley, and his men took it into their heads that it was a bad omen because we usually crown the sepulcher with parsley, and thence comes the proverb with regard to one that is dangerously ill. 'Such a one has need of nothing but parsley.' To deliver them from this superstition and to remove the panic Timoleon ordered the troops to halt, and making a speech suitable to the occasion, observed among other things that crows were brought them before the victory and offered themselves of their own accord. For the Corinthians from all antiquity have looked upon a wreath of parsley as sacred, crowning the victors with it at the isthmian games." The general then crowned himself and all his officers with parsley wreaths, and led his men to battle, their fears conquered, the result being a decisive victory. —Chicago Times-Herald

Oxford's Witty Bishop.

Two stories are attributed in The Railway Magazine to the witty bishop of Oxford. He was once talking to some boys in a school and said to them: "Now, my boys, I dare say you think it's a very fine thing to be a bishop. But I assure you I'm a very busy man. I have to go about all over my diocese, and I haven't time to study like you have. In fact, nearly all my study has to be confined to only one book. It begins with a 'B.' Do you know what it is?" "The Bible, sir, the Bible," shouted the boys all together. "No," replied the bishop, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "It's called 'Bradshaw'!"

The other story is still better. On one occasion when he alighted from the train at Wheatley, the station for

A TEXAS WONDER.

Hall's Great Discovery.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials.

Sold by Wight & Bro., Tallahassee, Fla.

This is to certify that I have used The Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, of St. Louis, Mo., for kidney and bladder troubles and have got more relief from one bottle than all other medicines I have ever tried, and I think the second bottle will make a permanent cure, and I can fully recommend it to the public.

WILLIAM E. CANE,
Payette, Ala.

Cuddesden palace, an officious porter rushed up to him and asked, "Any articles in the van, my lord?" "Articles," said the bishop grimly. "Yes, 39 articles." Off hurried the porter and worried the guard almost out of his senses by the way he searched the van and detained the train. Presently he came back to the bishop with a crestfallen expression of countenance. "There are only seven, my lord." "Only seven? Ah, you're a Dissenter then, I should think."

Lacking in Romance.

"Swigsby hasn't a particle of romance about him."

"I never thought he had. Any new proof of it?"

"Yes. He was calling on Daisy Swinnerton. You know Daisy. Little thing, but full of poetry. Swigsby said he wondered where they met the first time, and Daisy in her poetical way said she guessed it was in the gloaming. Swigsby looked puzzled, and then what do you suppose he said?"

"Give it up."

"Said he guessed she was mistaken, because he couldn't recall any apartment house by that name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Assisting His Memory.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I am trying to remember it."—Union Signal.

The Umbrella.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called.

Tom—How do you know but that you left it at the first place?

Jack—Because there's where I got it. —Chicago News.

Distinctions in Being Kicked.

The Arabs, clever horsemen as they are, are quite as liable to accident as English grooms. But the Arab likes to be kicked by a thoroughbred horse and cannot endure to be put to any pain by an animal whose pedigree is at all defective. An English surgeon had been setting the broken leg of an Arab who complained more of the accident that had befallen him than was thought becoming in one of his tribe. This the surgeon remarked to him, and his answer was truly characteristic. "Do you think, doctor, I should have uttered a word of complaint if my own high bred colt in a playful kick had broken both my legs? But to have a bone broken by a brute of a jackass is too bad, and I will complain!"

Parried the Thrust.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a snudge. Her mistress tried, without offending, to tell her to wash her face and at last resorted to strategy.

"Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot, soapy water it will make you beautiful?"

"Will it?" said Bridget. "Sure, it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am!"—Our Dumb Animals.

Got the Change.

"Why were you tempted to steal this man's purse?"

"Because my doctor recommended me to take a little change."

All the emery in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

When the Eyes are Sick

Something must be done and done quickly. Little neglects bring big diseases. When the eyes are sore or inflamed use John R. Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. It stops the inflammation, cures granulated lids, and brings ease at once. It causes absolutely no pain. The genuine is always enclosed in a red carton. Get it at Wight & Bro.'s Drug Store for 25 cents.

These are sweet words, but how much pain and suffering they used to mean. It's different now. Since Mother's Friend has become known expectant mothers have been spared much of the anguish of childbirth. Mother's Friend is a liniment to be applied externally. It is rubbed thoroughly into the muscles of the abdomen. It gives elasticity and strength, and when the final great strain comes they respond quickly and easily without pain. Mother's Friend is never taken internally. —Advertisement

Woman is supplied with this splendid liniment she need never fear rising or swelling breasts, morning sickness, or any of the discomforts which usually accompany pregnancy.

The proprietor of a large hotel in Tampa, Fla., writes: "My wife had an awful time with her first child. During her second pregnancy, Mother's Friend was used and the baby was born easily before the doctor arrived. It's certainly great."

Get Mother's Friend at the drug store. \$1 per bottle.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Write for our free illustrated book, "Before Baby Is Born."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Victims of malignant Blood Poison and Scrofula were formerly looked upon as lost. Fearful of contagion, their friends denied them companionship and medical ignorance denied them hope. Their life was worse than death and their only relief was in the grave. Many such cases were specially sad from the fact that the sufferers contracted disease by accident or heredity and through no fault of their own.

Modern civilization looks with sympathetic consideration upon all cases of blood poisoning, and medical science, after groping for centuries in darkness, has finally evolved a cure. Despair vanishes like an evil spirit. Hope shines forth like a glorious sunrise.

P. P. P.

(Lippman's Great Remedy.)

This sovereign Specific cures all forms of Blood Poisoning in both men and women. P. P. P. is a permanent cure for Rheumatism. P. P. P. is the only logical treatment for Catarrh and the only remedy for Catarrh in advanced stages.

P. P. P. cures Dyspepsia in all its manifold forms and is a general tonic superior to all sarsaparillas.

Sold by all druggists. One dollar a bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

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